



# Improbability;

Or, The Batchelor's Dislike to a Married Life.

*Printed and sold by J. Evans, No. 41, Long Lane.*

AS I was walking in the grove,  
All by myself as I suppos'd,  
My mind did oft times me remove,  
But by no means could be compos'd;  
At length by chance a friend I met,  
Which caus'd me long time to tarry,  
And of me she did intreat  
To tell her when I had a mind to marry?

When saffron grows on every tree,  
And every stream flows milk and honey,  
When sugar grows in carrot fields,  
And usurers refuse money,  
And countrymen for judges sit,  
And Michaelmas falls in February,  
When millers do their toll forget,  
O then my love and I'll be married.

When Shrove-tide falls in Easter week,  
And Christmas in the month of July,  
When lawyers plead without a fee,  
And taylors they deal just and truly;  
When all deceit is quite put down,  
And truth by all men is preferred,  
When indigo dies red and brown,  
O then my love and I'll be married.

When men and beasts the ocean plough,  
And fishes in green fields are feeding,  
When cockle-shells in the streets do grow,  
And swans upon dry banks are breeding  
When muscle-shells for diamond-rings,  
And glass to gold may be compared,  
When gold is made of grey goose wings,  
O then my love and I'll be married.

When women know not how to scold,  
And Dutchmen leave off drinking brandy,  
When cats do bark, and dogs do mew,  
And brimstone's took for sugar-candy,  
When Whitsuntide it does fall  
All in the month of January,  
When cobblers work without an awl,  
O then my love and I'll be married.

When candlesticks do serve for bells,  
And frying-pans do serve for ladles,  
And in the sea they dig for wells,  
And porridge-pots do serve for cradles,  
When all maids prove true to their loves,  
And a man on his back an ox can carry,  
And when the mic with the cat do play,  
O then my love and I'll be married.